Footsteps

The lights are down, the film has just begun,
Into the auditorium he slips,
And momentarily he spoils the fun
As over a protruding foot he trips.
“You clumsy oaf!” a voice comes from behind,
A “shoosh” greets his hasty apology,
None empathise with one just stricken blind:
How transient is human memory!
He takes his seat, and halfway through the show
The door opens, a girl walks down the aisle,
She treads on an outstretched foot, and says “Oh,
I’m sorry,” but is not met with a smile.
He curses: “Watch your step, you stupid dame!”
Where ten minutes before, he’d done the same.